

# A Pair of Sinners.

BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

She was the only daughter of a draper who had once been eminent and was now retired; he was a young and prosperous barrister. Her manner and habits of thought were, perhaps, over-refined and affected; she was of a morbidly poetic temperament, and looked at life always through a prism of sentiment. He was unimaginative and practical.

He had all those sterner qualities she lacked; he had all those dainty, tender graces she despised—until he found them in her. In a word, each was the complement of the other.

Naturally, then, when they met they loved; and she was too romantic and he too matter-of-fact to believe in a long engagement.

They had been two months married, and but just returned from the honeymoon, were seated cozily by the fire one wild, wintry evening, when Mabel, in a languishing mood of sentimental melancholy, unburdened herself of a tardy confession.

It had really never occurred to her during the rapture of their short engagement, but once or twice before their marriage it had risen to her lips, but, fearing it might make a note of discord in the harmony of their wedded lives, she had left it unspoken. It was a trifle, no doubt, but hers was a disposition that magnified trifles. She found a subtle joy in grief, as do all who are surfeited with happiness, and, under such circumstances, the smallest of the grief is no disadvantage.

"Are you sure, Clarence," she said, "that you really love me?"

"Absolutely, dearest."

"And you have never loved any one but me?"

"Never—never—never!"

"And you will love me always?"

"Forever."

He yawned and looked at his watch. They were half expecting a visitor.

"Something might happen to change you," she persisted, dreamily.

"What could have a secret in my life which I had never revealed to you?" she regarded him yearningly.

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## A USELESS QUESTION.

"Well—and what is it?" he interrupted, a little irritably.

She sank down on the rug beside him in an attitude of supplication, and clasped her arms about his knees.

"Don't look me at so coldly, Clarence," she pleaded. "Don't speak so harshly. I know you will forgive me, dearest. I say there should be no secrets between us, but it is such a little, little secret, and I never meant to say it."

"No—no. Well—let me know what it is."

"It overwhelmed me with shame. Oh, words cannot tell how deeply it humiliated me."

"My dear child, do calm yourself." He laughed, but felt vaguely uneasy. "It can't have been anything so very awful."

"You will not think I hesitated to tell you sooner because I distrusted the strength of your love?"

"Of course I feared," she stilled a little sob—"you might scorn me, as that heartless man did!"

"What heartless man?" he demanded, sharply. "Don't mystify me with this preamble, Mabel. Tell me the worst at once."

"And you will forgive me, dear, for not confiding—"

"Oh, no doubt. It is nothing much. I'll be bound. You are scaring us both with a bogey of your own making. What is it?"

"You tell me, Clarence."

She dried her eyes, and, reaching up, laid a hand upon his shoulder, caressingly.

"Do you know, dear, that I once used to write poetry?"

"Well, many persons do that. It may be foolish, but it is not wicked."

"I wrote a great deal of it. My sole ambition, then, was to be a poetess. Much of what I wrote was love poetry."

"Addressed, I presume, to the heartless man you just referred to?"

"No, dear. It was addressed to quite imaginary persons."

"Well, well! Yes!"

"And about six years ago, dear, I collected all my poems into a volume and published them."

"And the heartless man was the publisher?"

"No. The publisher was exceedingly kind. He thought very highly of my work."

"Never mind the publisher. I am anxious to get to that heartless man."

"The book was published, and I saw only one review of it, and that it was in a paper called The Writer—Oh, Clarence, it was cruel—cruel!"

"If that is all, I am sure to think of it even now. I remember every harrowing word of it, but I cannot—cannot bring myself to repeat them."

"Don't try to. My dear girl, why on earth should you upset yourself like this?"

"But think how I suffered! The publicity—the disgrace! These poems, he wrote—oh, do not ask me what he said!"

"I assure you, I won't."

"For months after I avoided all who knew me. Such contempt—such ridicule as he poured upon me in that review! If there is any man I hate—yes, hate, Clarence—it is he!"

"And yet he may be quite a harmless, inoffensive sort of ass, if we only knew him."

"I withdrew the book instantly and burnt the entire edition."

"If all authors accepted their critics' verdict in the same spirit, that man who wrote about the hundred best authors would have had to fix his total at fifty."

"I felt as if all the world was laughing at me."

"You little silly. I don't suppose even

Shall-on-the-Neck, Mary Old-Jack, Bertha Pull-Mouth, Katie Dreamer, Fanny Plenty-Butterflies, Jessie Crooked-Arm, Marjorie Long-Neck, Isabel Lunch, Floy Harry-Wolf, Alice Shoot-as-She-Goes, Stella Wolf-Head, Lucy Hawk, Beatrice Beads-on-Arrow, Susie Bear-Lays-Down, Louise Three-Wolves, Anna Winkle-Pipe, Maggie Broken-Arrow, Ruth Bear-in-the-Middle, Helen Comes-Out-of-Fox, Sarah Three-Irons, Ida Wrinkle-Face, Jessie Flat-Head-Woman, Lottie Grand-mother-a-Knife, Esther Knows-Her-Gun, Minnie Nod-as-Bear, and Daisy Young-Heifer.—Chicago Tribune.

He had 'em.

Chicago Daily News: "Dreams are such fun!" said the girl in the Russian blouse. "I read a French story the other day—"

"The sequence of your thoughts," broke in Howell Van Rensselaer Gibson, irritably. "Is one of those things you hear about. I know you were a kangaroo in a previous incarnation, you jump and so."

"It was merely going to adorn my tale and point a moral," objected the girl. "And I wasn't an ugly old kangaroo at all; I was a patient, crawling worm, trimmed with pink stripes—that is the reason I accept your brutal remarks with such sweet docility."

"Excuse me," said Howell, in a subdued tone.

"The story," went on the girl, "was that of the sleeping beauty with a new ending. When the princess woke up she asked her prince what she would gain by arising and going forth in the world. He told her of the power and riches, beautiful clothes and bonbons, estates and palaces and of his devotion, all of which she would have. The princess considered the matter for a moment. 'Well,' she said, 'I have been dreaming for one hundred years and in my dreams I have enjoyed such exquisite goods, such delicious foods, such magnificent palaces, gems and music; but that really, you know, I don't think I could better myself, thank you, so please go away and let me go to sleep again, and the wise princess turned her back away from her surprised suitor and dropped off into slumber.'"

Howell looked interested in spite of himself. "Reckless young thing!" he murmured. "Didn't she have any notion she was spoiling a good story and ruining a lot of publishers?"

"Well, anyhow," said the girl in the Russian blouse, with unanswerable logic, "she knew it was more fun to dream than to stay awake. I am always sorry for people whose lives are so correct they never dream. Now I have the best time enjoying my ridiculous nightmares. The other night I thought Mrs. Banker came to show me

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"Interesting developments are expected," generally; and "if the villain is caught he will be lynched," forever.

The recipient who was taken very much by surprise, but responded in a few well-chosen words, still holds away; and "the ladies of the women's auxiliary corps" are "ladies" unquestionably.

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An entertainment of any kind must be "a success of pleasant festivity." He has edited the copy on a suburban wedding where the name of the groom was left out, showing how insignificant, after all, is that poor functionary.

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11 o'clock carefully extinguished the lamp. The next day, of course, there was trouble, and when he was taken to task, he replied that he supposed 11 o'clock was late enough to keep the light going, as he thought that all honest men should be in bed at that hour.—Herald.

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Sunday school teacher, reading to class—"And some fell ill by the way-side."

Tommy, becoming suddenly interested—"I didn't know they rode bikes in those days?"—Yonkers Statesman.

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"Peaceful! My wife begins right after the holidays to talk about what rooms to have papered in the paring."—Chicago Record.

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As the train pulled out of one of the country villages a poorly-dressed boy who might have been sixteen or seventeen years old, came into the car and took the seat across the aisle from the four young people. Under his frayed coat was a big bunch, suggesting that he was carrying something concealed there. As the young people struck into another song he looked anxiously at them and then down at the bunch under his coat. Presently, at the end of a verse, there sounded quite emphatically from the coat this remark:

"Cut-out-cut-cudawcut!"

"Goodness!" exclaimed the girl who had been singing the alto part, turning wide brown eyes upon the youth. "He's got a hen there. Did you hear it?"

"Cut-out-cut-cudawcut!" made itself sufficiently audible for every one in the car to hear it.

"She's a good hen," said the boy, apologetically, "but she don't like music. I was scared that you'd make her up."

"Cuddawcut-cudawcut!" in rather tart tones from beneath the coat seemed to indicate that the good hen was tired of being good and wanted to get out and fly around the car swinging for a change.

"Shut up!" said the boy, poking the bunch with no great gentleness, a performance which brought forth a wrathful cackle.

By this time all the people in the car were craning their necks toward the seat occupied by the boy. The old lady put on her glasses to see better and the sharp nose of the discontented man fairly glowed with indignation. He pointed a bony finger at the place where the hen language seemed to proceed.

"Look here!" he said. "Do you mean to say you've got a hen under your coat?"

The youth turned a deprecatory glance upon his questioner, but evinced no signs of meaning to say anything. It wasn't really necessary that he should.

"Cluck-cluck, cul-luck, cul-luck, cut-out-cudawcut!" was a highly adequate reply.

The sharp-nosed man's protests spread its glow over his other features.

"It's an infernal shame!" he cried. "Ain't it?" exclaimed the benevolent old lady, looking at the boy with a frown upon him. "I wouldn't wonder a mite if the poor thing smothered."

"Darn the poor thing!" ejaculated the man with such emphasis that the old lady's glasses fell off in consequence of the shock to her system. "I ain't kidding on the beastly chicken's account. What I object to is that young idiot making a little train out of this car."

"Hens ain't cattle," suggested the old lady, with evident naïveté, but so strange to this voracious and soothing statement failed to mitigate the complainant's wrath.

"Might just as well be," he said.

"Cluck-cluck, cul-luck!" came in protest to this statement.

"Say, you!" cried the man again, aiming his loaded forefinger at the youth. "What do you mean by bringing a hen into this car?"

"What hen?" asked the boy innocently.

"Don't you try to fool with men. That hen under your coat!"

He wagged his forefinger at the boy, who promptly responded:

"Cut-cudaw-w-cudawcut!"

"Oh, that hen!" said the boy, placidly. "I brought her along so's I could get a fresh-laid egg for my lunch."

The quartet across the aisle burst into laughter, and the sharp-nosed man swore softly, but comprehensively.

"Don't you let him frighten you," said the brown-eyed girl, encouragingly, to the boy.

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The benevolent old lady was so surprised at the boy's statement that her glasses fell off again, and as she groped for them she said in rather awestricken tones:

"Goodness me! Does he eat the egg raw?"

"Yes'm," replied the boy, politely. "Raw eggs is the only kind this hen knows how to lay. I had a hen to home we used to feed on sulphur matches, and she laid hard-boiled eggs, but the other day she drank some kerosene oil and just naturally busted."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed the old lady, quite violently, and the quartet almost collapsed with a gasp.

A look of sadness overcame the plain features of the youth, but before he could reply to this aspersation upon his veracity the bundle under his coat attracted his attention, as well as that of every one else, by observing in resonant tones:

"Cutta-cutta-cutta-cut-cudaw-w-w-wcut!"

"Keep still," cried the boy, administering a second poke to the covering coat.

"The society that looks after cruelty to animals ought to be told," announced the old lady. "I know that hen's suffering."

"Hem ain't an animal," snapped the sharp-nosed man, getting back at her for her previous information. "I know I'm suffering, and unless—"

"Well, the society might look after you then," retorted the old lady, with some asperity.

"The aged person," observed one of the young men of the quartet, "is not so easy as she looks. That was distinctly the retort on her literary work."

"I'll speak to the conductor," the sharp-nosed man was declaring meanwhile. "I didn't pay my money to ride in a ban coop. We'll see if this young rascal can bring back calling chickens among decent people."

"Cluck-cluck-cul-luck-cutta-cut-cudaw-w-w-wcut!" rounded in rather derisive tones.

The brown-eyed girl leaned over the aisle and looked at the boy.

## FOR GOOD AND ALL.

Dr. Emde—You'd better cough now. Patient—Why?

Dr. Emde—Because after you have taken this medicine you won't be able to cough any more.

"Won't you please let me see the hen?" she said.

"I'd like to, miss, but I darsent," said the boy.

"Do you think I'd frighten it?" she said, reproachfully.

"No'm, but this is an awful intelligent hen, an'—with a look of direct admiration—"like's not if she once seen you she'd want to leave me right now and never come back no more."

"Now will you be good?" said the young man who sat with the girl.

She smiled entrancingly at the boy.

"I don't believe you've got any hen in all," she remarked challengingly.

In reply he prodded the bundle, which promptly replied:

"Cutta-cut, cutta-cut!"

"There! Did you hear it?" cried the sharp-nosed man to the conductor, who had just entered the car. "What's the name of a road you call this, where the passengers have to roost with the chickens?"

"Where is it? Which one's got it?" asked the conductor.

"Cutta-cut, cutta-cut, cudaw-cut!" proclaimed clearly the location.

"Look here," said the official, striding up to the boy, who was nervously fumbling at his coat. "I've got a mind to stop the train and fire you right where you are!"

"What for?" inquired the youth in injured tones. "You got my ticket."

"You throw that chicken out of the window or get out."

"Cutta-cut, cutta-cut, mister!"

"Under your coat there. Come, no nonsense, now. I won't stand for it." The boy drew his frayed coat closer around the bundle.

"Tuck-a-tuck-a-tuck," came in smothered tones from it.

"Mercy! The poor thing's near dead," cried the old lady. "What a shame!"

"Come, get out," ordered the conductor, taking the boy by the shoulder.

The train was slowing down as it drew near a station, and the proprietor of the assortment of barnyard noises got up remarking:

"This is my station where I get off, anyway."

"Cluck-cluck-cluck. Tuck-a-tuck!" evidenced the fact that it was the station where the bundle under the coat wanted to get off, also.

"I should like to have seen what kind of a hen that was," said the brown-eyed girl, placidly.

The youth paused, turned and looking directly into the brown eyes, delivered himself of this surprising remark:

"Cluck-cluck-cluck, m'iss. Just because I tuck-a-tuck-a-tuck a bundle under my cutta-cudawcut, an' it's cutta-cutta-clucks like a hen; that don't cutta-cudawcut no lee. Looka here!"

He threw open his coat and behold, there was nothing there but a pair of slatted fastened together with a strap.

"Cluck-cluck-cluck, cutta-cutta-cut; whur-cudaw-doodle-doo-oo-oo-oo!" he chanted triumphantly, as he marched out of the car.

"Cluck-cluck-cluck no hen at all!" cried the old lady, her surprise getting the better of her grammar.

The sharp-nosed man hastily went in to another car, but not in time to escape hearing the brown-eyed girl announce:

"We will now sing that beautiful and highly appropriate hymn tune, 'The world is all a fleeting show for man's illusion given.'"

## THE REVIVALIST'S CHICKENS.

Presque Isle Star-Herald: Christmas we purchased a lot of chickens, dressed by a well-known woman whose voice we have often heard in revival and whose name we did not explore the interior of the fowl at the time, but later on our better half called our attention to the "fowl" that we had said for that was taken from the interior of our purchase. Some fine needlework had been done on the skin of a laddy, but to give them a plump appearance, the woman made a dime or two out of the transaction, but hereafter whenever we hear her voice lifted up to the Master above we cannot but think of that chicken trade.

Saved His Life.

An Irishman, meeting another, asked what had become of their old acquaintance, Patrick Murphy.

"Arrah, now, I'm in honey," answered the other. "Poor Pat was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in prison."—Tid-Bits.

Well-to-do Words.

"Yes, his sermons are thrice as long, but he always says something to the point."

"Well, what did he say to the point last Sunday?"

"In conclusion,"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ready Remedy.

Author—I am troubled with insomnia. I lie awake at night hour after hour thinking about my literary work.

His Friend—How very foolish of you! Why don't you get up and read portions of it?—Boston Traveler.

Poetical.

"Do you believe in fat motto, 'hav'n't put off till to-morrow what you kin do as well to-day'?" inquired Pickaninny Jim.

"Sholy I does," replied his mother.

Crowd—Don't care what it's for, won't be uncoed.



FRENCH AFTERNOON GOWN FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

Many of the gowns this winter have been made more simply than for some years, and waists cut high in the throat and long in the sleeves have been considered very smart for small and informal dinners. The materials used, however, are of the handsomest and the trimmings quite as elaborate as any used for the low-cut gowns. A smart little gown of crepe de Chine is made with long graceful lines. The body of the waist is either of the crepe laid in soft folds or can be of mousseline de soie, and there is a bolero jacket which is outlined with bands of intricate pattern of a harmonizing color. The sleeves are unlined and made all in

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"Do you think I'd frighten it?" she said, reproachfully.

"No'm, but this is an awful intelligent hen, an'—with a look of direct admiration—"like's not if she once seen you she'd want to leave me right now and never come back no more."

"Now will you be good?" said the young man who sat with the girl.

She smiled entrancingly at the boy.

"I don't believe you've got any hen in all," she remarked challengingly.

In reply he prodded the bundle, which promptly replied:

"Cutta-cut, cutta-cut!"

"There! Did you hear it?" cried the sharp-nosed man to the conductor, who had just entered the car. "What's the name of a road you call this, where the passengers have to roost with the chickens?"

"Where is it? Which one's got it?" asked the conductor.

"Cutta-cut, cutta-cut, cudaw-cut!" proclaimed clearly the location.

"Look here," said the official, striding up to the boy, who was nervously fumbling at his coat. "I've got a mind to stop the train and fire you right where you are!"

"What for?" inquired the youth in injured tones. "You got my ticket."

"You throw that chicken out of the window or get out."

"Cutta-cut, cutta-cut, mister!"

"Under your coat there. Come, no nonsense, now. I won't stand for it." The boy drew his frayed coat closer around the bundle.

"Tuck-a-tuck-a-tuck," came in smothered tones from it.

"Mercy! The poor thing's near dead," cried the old lady. "What a shame!"

"Come, get out," ordered the conductor, taking the boy by the shoulder.

The train was slowing down as it drew near a station, and the proprietor of the assortment of barnyard noises got up remarking:

"This is my station where I get off, anyway."

"Cluck-cluck-cluck. Tuck-a-tuck!" evidenced the fact that it was the station where the bundle under the coat wanted to get off, also.

"I should like to have seen what kind of a hen that was," said the brown-eyed girl, placidly.

The youth paused, turned and looking directly into the brown eyes, delivered himself of this surprising remark:

"Cluck-cluck-cluck, m'iss. Just because I tuck-a-tuck-a-tuck a bundle under my cutta-cudawcut, an' it's cutta-cutta-clucks like a hen; that don't cutta-cudawcut no lee. Looka here!"

He threw open his coat and behold, there was nothing there but a pair of slatted fastened together with a strap.

"Cluck-cluck-cluck, cutta-cutta-cut; whur-cudaw-doodle-doo-oo-oo-oo!" he chanted triumphantly, as he marched out of the car.

"Cluck-cluck-cluck no hen at all!" cried the old lady, her surprise getting the better of her grammar.

The sharp-nosed man hastily went in to another car, but not in time to escape hearing the brown-eyed girl announce:

"We will now sing that beautiful and highly appropriate hymn tune, 'The world is all a fleeting show for man's illusion given.'"

## THE REVIVALIST'S CHICKENS.

Presque Isle Star-Herald: Christmas we purchased a lot of chickens, dressed by a well-known woman whose voice we have often heard in revival and whose name we did not explore the interior of the fowl at the time, but later on our better half called our attention to the "fowl" that we had said for that was taken from the interior of our purchase. Some fine needlework had been done on the skin of a laddy, but to give them a plump appearance, the woman made a dime or two out of the transaction, but hereafter whenever we hear her voice lifted up to the Master above we cannot but think of that chicken trade.

Saved His Life.

An Irishman, meeting another, asked what had become of their old acquaintance, Patrick Murphy.

"Arrah, now, I'm in honey," answered the other. "Poor Pat was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in prison."—Tid-Bits.

Well-to-do Words.

"Yes, his sermons are thrice as long, but he always says something to the point."

"Well, what did he say to the point last Sunday?"

"In conclusion,"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ready Remedy.

Author—I am troubled with insomnia. I lie awake at night hour after hour thinking about my literary work.

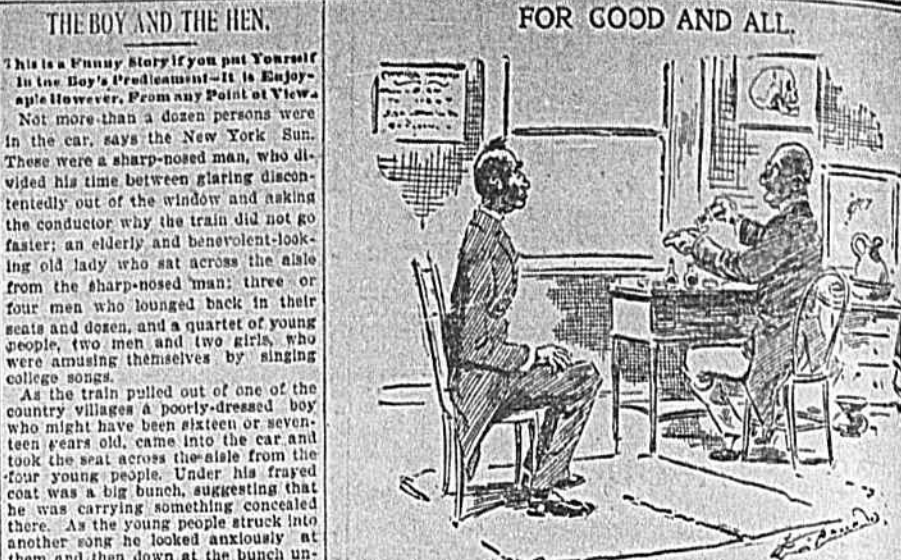
His Friend—How very foolish of you! Why don't you get up and read portions of it?—Boston Traveler.

Poetical.

"Do you believe in fat motto, 'hav'n't put off till to-morrow what you kin do as well to-day'?" inquired Pickaninny Jim.

"Sholy I does," replied his mother.

Crowd—Don't care what it's for, won't be uncoed.



Dr. Emde—You'd better cough now. Patient—Why?

Dr. Emde—Because after you have taken this medicine you won't be able to cough any more.

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## PRIZE JOURNALISM IN ARIZONA.

1—Editor—I'll paint this bicycle scene on the wall and obtain four hundred new subscribers.

## BICYCLES AWAY.

2—Guess I'll take a little lunch before finishing it.

## BICYCLES GIVEN AWAY.

3—Crowd—Bicycles given away—Editor—But, gentlemen, it is for—

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